

always thorough. Sport means hard work which is keen pleasure—a vivid joy in life which makes no day ugly and all things interesting. For a sportsman is never bored, save by such a dose of the banalities of those who cannot reach his soul that even his serenity gets ruffled.

But I go on too fast. Our work is to train children not to study men. True, the one is impossible without the other, yet the latter is the means, not the end. We have formulated our ideal sportsman, he is there at the end of that long lane of education we are starting some one's eager feet upon. How did he manage it? What were the phases of his evolution? Those uncomfortable crazes, those untidy masses, that surprising disregard for time and clothes that worry us so in our boys—had they anything in common with our hero's evolution? Should we feel hurt if we discovered these identical?

Boys learn so much from such queer things. Catapulting, for instance. In the last eight weeks I have watched a boy make strides of development through the stormy possession of a catapult. His eye improved in aim; his judgment, of distance, of the curve of the shot according to the size and shape of the stone, of when to aim slow and when to pelt. His observation of the habits of sparrows and starlings, of the growth of horse-chestnuts and ash—the former as a mark, the latter providing material for a second “straddle.” Lessons in common-sense, when a bottle placed against a house “full of windows” was not approved of by the powers as a target. Patience and perseverance came in too, and a boy who forgets to come in to tea has to do without it, so grows fortitude. Yet I used to regard a catapult as an unholy instrument of mischief and a mighty stone to be rolled out of the road that led to my hero. Then there is the games period. The runs that So-and-So can get on his particular style of wicket, and the unmovableness of Such-a-one as “goal,” is all the conversation that is obtainable from this period, and it is only wrung out in jerks by hard questionings. These boys read the golden words of C. B. Fry with absorption and spend the holidays in practising “leg-breaks” or “punting.”

It is splendid, that games period, and makes our men such good-tempered soldiers and so hard to confess themselves beaten.

Then there is the ratting period that comes with a closer connection with the village poacher and the possession of a

“keen” fox-terrier. It is trying; ferrets are so unpleasant, and bloody hands so nasty, and we think it dull to sit half-an-hour by a hole in a bank watching for something that never comes out. But the educational value is enormous. I could go on endlessly. Each holiday brings its own stage and its own friend. Now it is the coachman, now the keeper, then the vet, each giving his share to our educational scheme, and each getting into focus with time. And the sum of it all is “sport,” and the honour and the truth, and the courage and the tolerance, and the love that is knowledge, and the strength that is gentleness, make our “Sportsman.”

“THERE IS GREAT ENJOYMENT IN WORK.”

IN *our* work, especially, I think we shall all endorse Miss Clough's statement, although possibly some are happier than others in their environment. For myself “the lines have fallen unto me in” very “pleasant places,” and it is thought that my fellow-workers may like to hear a short account of our little school begun here last September (1900) through the interest and with the help of Miss H. L. R. Harvey, who wanted a P.N.E.U. class to be formed on account of a little niece and who therefore wrote to Miss Mason on the subject.

One must admit, even after having lived in Ambleside, that Englefield Green is a very pretty place. Owing to its healthy situation, as well as its natural beauty, houses are in great request, and it seemed at first as if the want of house room would be an insuperable difficulty. But a friend most generously offered to lend her charming old-fashioned furnished cottage for some months! While I was thinking this over another friend proposed sending her two little girls as boarders; these, with four day pupils, formed the nucleus, and thus the school began, although my original intention had been to have a morning class for non-resident children only. One other thing led to further development, viz., the

discovery by Miss Harvey and myself that we were fitted to quite an unusual degree for working together, and we therefore gladly decided to do so. Although not an Ambleside student in fact, she is very much one of us in spirit, and, since the days when she was at Newnham College under Miss Clough, she has been fitting herself by reading, thought, and experience to take up active educational work in which she is as much interested as the keenest of us. She helps me vastly by her sympathy at all times, and by her knowledge and judgment when there is any difficulty to be overcome.

After some months at Cooper's Hill Cottage my mother joined me and we removed to a pretty modern farm house near, in which we took several rooms. It stands in its own garden, a garden highly appreciated each fine morning in the middle and at the end of school hours when our little people go out for drill and a scamper. There are two large yew trees on the lawn, the frequent haunt, at this time of the year, of thrushes and other berry-loving birds, and behind these are fir trees, under whose shade we did most of our lessons during the hot days of June and July. Beyond the garden is the Green, "a small common," whose northern end is ablaze with golden gorse or flushed with purple heather according to the time of year, and which, with its pond, is said to have been the very goose green where Jackanapes lived. Be this as it may, the Green is a charming spot with a large variety of wild flowers and grasses for our collections, and standing high enough (270 feet above the sea) to feel a breeze even in the hottest weather. About 20 miles from London, and half an hour's walk from the Thames at Runnymede, we have Windsor Park and Virginia Water within easy reach for delightful holiday afternoon walks with the children, the donkey, and the dogs. Windsor and Eton are about four miles distant, and our station, Egham, is much nearer, but down in the valley.

Last Spring a Branch of the P.N.E.U. was founded with the help of Mrs. Franklin, and the first lecturer was Dr. Schofield; Mr. Rooper, among others, has promised us a lecture during the present session.

A Natural History Society for children has also been started in connection with the Branch, and it falls to my lot to conduct it. We owe much to Miss Cora Sanders, a particularly keen naturalist, who, having studied Natural

Science at Oxford, has done much to make our rambles enjoyable by her knowledge of birds and insects, as well as most kindly giving lessons to the schoolroom party, which were always hailed with delight.

Miss Kathleen Clendinnen, whom many of you know, is with me and is a great help. During the summer term she and the children made a wild-flower collection and list which numbered 150 names.

But you will want to hear more of the children themselves; they are a very dear little set of ten, and, I need hardly say, a great interest and pleasure to us. We begin work at 9-15 a.m. with a Hymn and Scripture lesson, after which every one really tries to respond to the "Now then do it" which the lesson for the day has suggested, and, I must gladly admit, that they succeed admirably in their efforts to "be good." Moreover we are often cheered by hearing that "N or M has been so good at home lately." They respond so wonderfully to one's efforts that the appeal seems urgent, "sow, sow, sow ye beside all waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" (tho' the finding it does not matter so long as one sows). Again and again I have been surprised by hearing something from the children's own lips which they assure me I have told them, but of which I have lost all recollection—and, no doubt, you all have similar experience. Truly there is "great enjoyment in work."

The rest of our day's work fits in very happily, and Miss Harvey and I help each other by discussions and suggestions, and the children do their share by ready helpfulness and obedience. We intend to go on improving, however, until our little school becomes a not unworthy, if humble, descendant of its august parents, Newnham and Ambleside. You see we are not ambitious! There are still heavy breakers ahead unfortunately, but these, we trust, will soon disappear, as they are only those which time may remove, and if you know of any nice little girls whose parents cannot manage P.N.E.U. teaching for them at home, please facilitate matters by thinking of us.

V. A. PARKER.